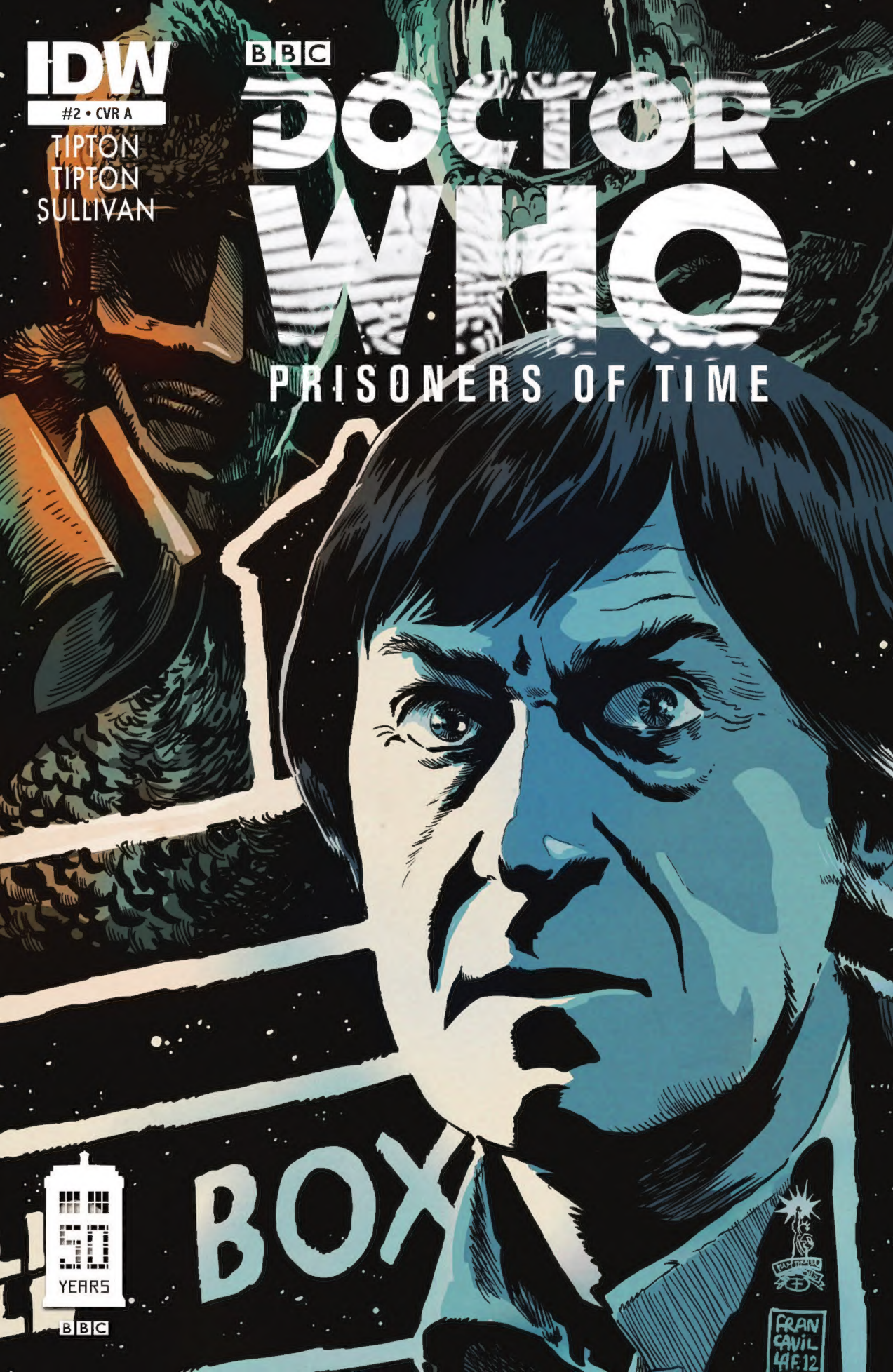
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BBC

DOCTOR WHO

PRISONERS OF TIME

2ND DOCTOR
1966 - 1969

The Doctor is an alien, the last of the powerful Time Lords of the planet Gallifrey. He is an intrepid traveller through time and space, armed with an incredible intelligence. He travels alone except for the human companions he befriends, briefly sharing his life with them and showing them the astonishing wonders of the universe.

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VWORP VWORP VWORP VWORP
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
VWORP VWORP VWORP VWORP
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
DON'T FORGET TO VISIT OUR UPPER FLOOR FOR MORE BOXES!
HAVE A NICE DAY
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
HM. NOT EXACTLY THE DESTINATION I HAD IN MIND.
HOW ODD.

DOZENS AND DOZENS OF POLICE BOXES!
THEY CAN'T ALL BE TARDISES, CAN THEY, DOCTOR?
NO, ZOE, I DON'T THINK SO.
I THINK THEY REALLY ARE WHAT THE TARDIS ONLY PRETENDS TO BE.
HEY, DOCTOR, LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT ONE!
INDEED, JAMIE.

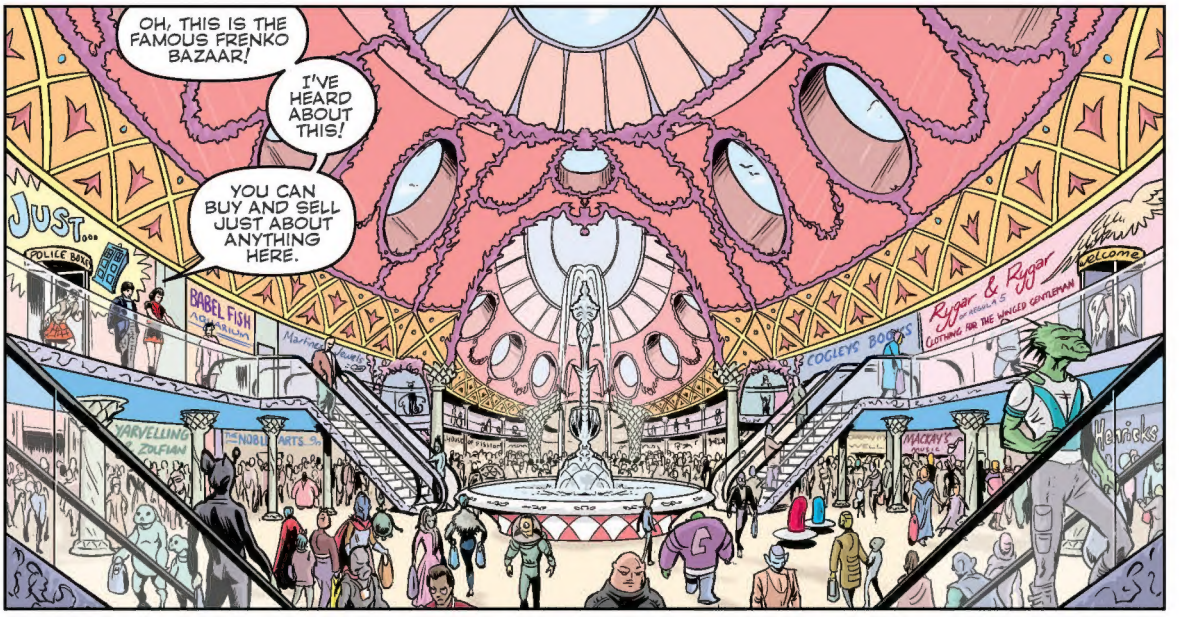
WHY, THIS IS 'JUST POLICE BOXES', OF COURSE.
WE SELL NOTHING BUT POLICE BOXES.
WE HAVE THE WIDEST SELECTION OF POLICE BOXES AVAILABLE ANYWHERE!
HOW EXTRA-ORDINARY!

'JUST POLICE BOXES'? WHAT SORT OF A RIDICULOUS IDEA IS THAT?
WHO COULD POSSIBLY BE SHOPPING FOR POLICE BOXES?
DOCTOR, DOES THIS MAKE ANY SENSE?
ER, WE HAVE POLICE BOXES FOR EVERY POSSIBLE NEED, MA'AM.
FUNCTIONAL AND DECORATIVE—YOU NAME IT, WE SELL IT.

ZOE, PLEASE, MANNERS! LET'S NOT UPSET THE VENDOR.
THIS IS TRULY A REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF MERCHANDISE, LET ME ASSURE YOU.
IF YOU SAY SO, DOCTOR, BUT I DON'T PLAN TO MAKE ANY PURCHASES MYSELF!
THANK YOU, MY GOOD MAN; WE'LL KEEP LOOKING!
POLICE

POLICE KIOSK
HAVE A NICE DAY
THAT BIG FELLA ACTUALLY MADE FUN OF MY KILT! HE SAID IT LOOKS FUNNY!
HIM WITH A NECK LIKE THAT, AND I LOOK FUNNY!

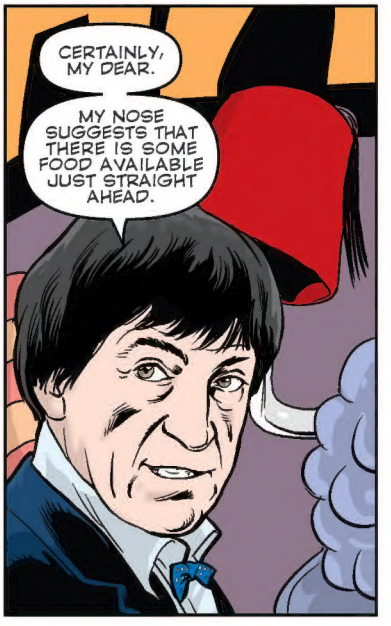
NEVER MIND THAT NOW, JAMIE—COME ALONG, LET'S TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE AND SEE IF WE CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT'S GOING ON HERE.
CAN YOU BELIEVE HE SAID THAT?
LOOKS FUNNY? DID YOU SEE HIM? HE SHOULD LOOK IN A MIRROR!

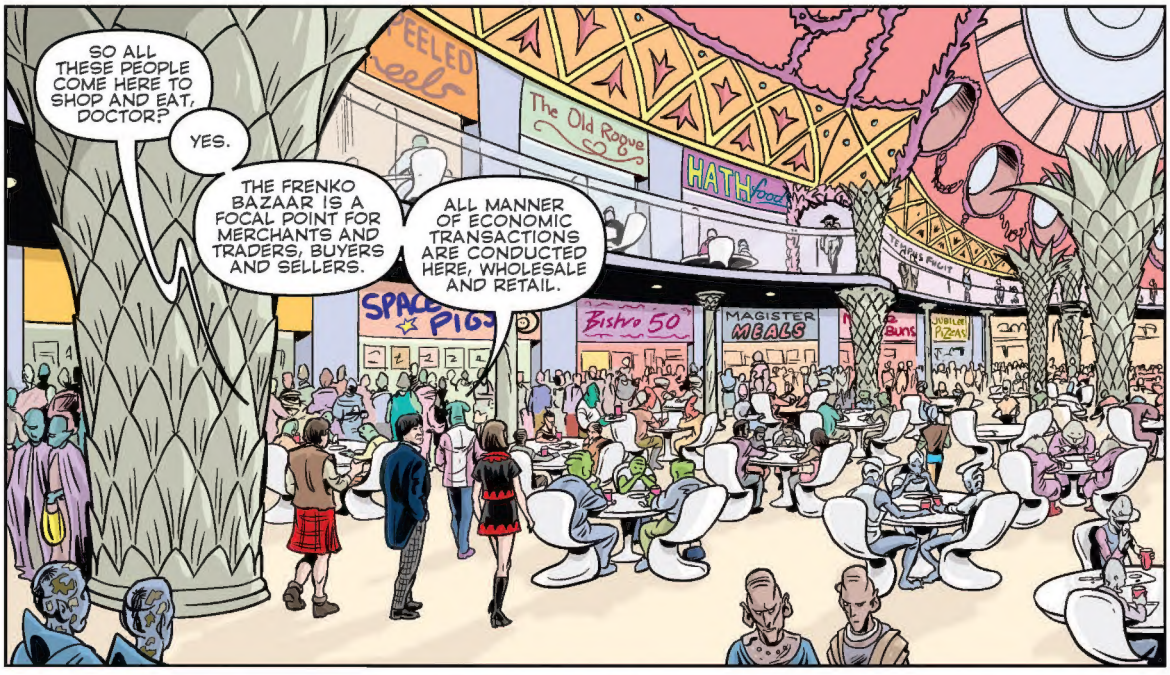

OH, THIS IS THE FAMOUS FRENKO BAZAAR!
I'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS!
YOU CAN BUY AND SELL JUST ABOUT ANYTHING HERE.
JUST...
POLICE BOXES
BABEL FISH AQUARIUM
Marine Jewelry
COGLEYS BOOKS
Rygar & Rygar
CLOTHING FOR THE WINGED GENTLEMAN
Welcome
TRAVELLING ZOLFIAN
THE NOBLE ARTS
MACKAY'S
Harricks

IT'S LIKE A SHOPPING MALL?
BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN ONE LIKE THIS!

NOT JUST ANY SHOPPING MALL, ZOE.
THE FRENKO BAZAAR IS AN INTERGALACTIC TRADING POST.
LET'S EXPLORE, BUT BE CAREFUL.
BABEL F
AQUARIUM

WE SELL
HATS
AND PEOPLE MAKE FUN OF MY CLOTHING CHOICES...
DOCTOR, I'M HUNGRY. CAN WE GET SOMETHING TO EAT?
HATS


CERTAINLY, MY DEAR.
MY NOSE SUGGESTS THAT THERE IS SOME FOOD AVAILABLE JUST STRAIGHT AHEAD.

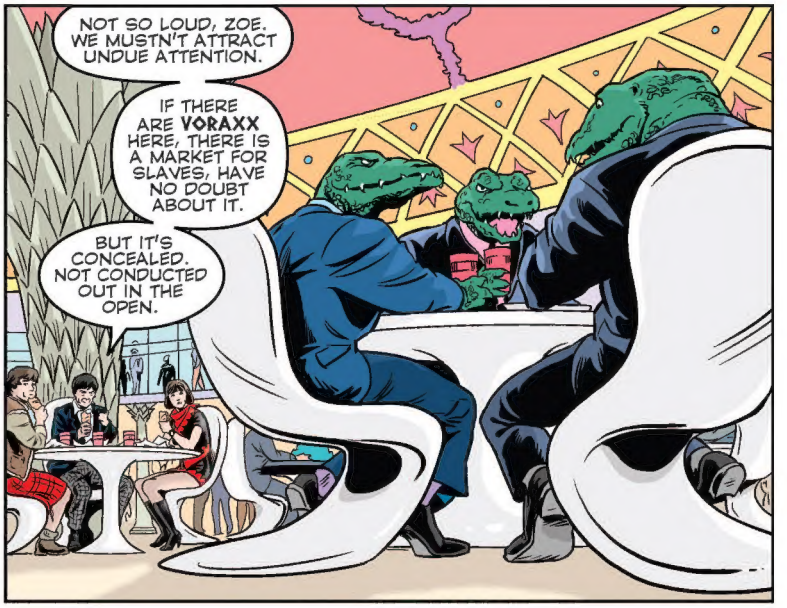

SO ALL THESE PEOPLE COME HERE TO SHOP AND EAT, DOCTOR?
YES.
THE FRENKO BAZAAR IS A FOCAL POINT FOR MERCHANTS AND TRADERS, BUYERS AND SELLERS.
ALL MANNER OF ECONOMIC TRANSACTIONS ARE CONDUCTED HERE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
The Old Rogue
HATH
SPACE PIGS
Bistro 50
MAGISTER MEALS
JUBILEE PIZZAS

MEAT & BREAD
HANDHELDS
OVER TIME, FRENKO HAS BECOME SOMETHING OF A TOURIST DESTINATION.
ALL THE ACTIVITY HERE, ALONG WITH THE WIDE VARIETY OF MERCHANDISE FOR SALE, HAS PROVEN QUITE ATTRACTIVE.

BUT DON'T BE LURED INTO A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY. ALL THIS GLAMOUR AND BEAUTIFUL ARCHITECTURE COVERS UP THE STILL EXISTING BLACK MARKET ROOTS OF FRENKO.
THIS IS A VERY DANGEROUS PLACE BEHIND THE SCENES, WITH A CRIMINAL UNDERCURRENT.
KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED.

FOR EXAMPLE, SEE THOSE BUSINESSMEN OVER THERE?
THEY ARE MEMBERS OF A TRADE CONSORTIUM KNOWN AS THE VORAXX.
VERY BAD.
VERY NASTY.
THEY HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO ENGAGE IN THE SLAVE TRADE.
LAS CADENAS

SLAVERY? YOU MEAN THEY SELL PEOPLE HERE?


NOT SO LOUD, ZOE. WE MUSTN'T ATTRACT UNDUE ATTENTION.
IF THERE ARE VORAXX HERE, THERE IS A MARKET FOR SLAVES, HAVE NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.
BUT IT'S CONCEALED. NOT CONDUCTED OUT IN THE OPEN.

ALL THESE HAPPY SHOPPERS ARE NOT EVEN AWARE OF IT.

THERE THEY GO. HMM.

COME NOW, LET'S FOLLOW THEM TO SEE WHERE THEIR SHOP IS.
DISCREETLY, DISCREETLY.

STELLAR IMPORTS & EXPORTS
FOLLOW MY LEAD. I'M GOING TO IMPROVISE A BIT HERE.

MY GOODNESS, SO MANY THINGS FOR SALE.
THE VORAXX ARE VERY ACCOMPLISHED BUYERS AND SELLERS.
THEIR BUSINESS ACUMEN AND EXTENSIVE TRADE NETWORK ARE KNOWN THROUGH THE GALAXY.

THERE IS A PRICE FOR THIS SORT OF WEALTH— REMEMBER THAT!

MADAM, I CAN OFFER YOU 2700 FOR THE ENTIRE COLLECTION.
2700? HOW ABOUT 3500?

WE GENERALLY DON'T HAGGLE, MADAM, BUT FOR YOU I WILL MAKE AN EXCEPTION. 2900.
I'LL TAKE IT.

OH!
BANG
RARE ANTIQUE

MY SINCERE APOLOGIES! THAT'S CLEARLY A MISTAKE. THE SCANNER HAS BEEN... MALFUNCTIONING.
THAT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT! DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.

DOCTOR, LOOK!
HAVE YOU EVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS?
WELL, I DON'T RIGHTLY THINK SO.
THOSE ARE ONLY AVAILABLE ON BELNAP VII, AND ONLY FOR THREE MONTHS OF THE SOLAR YEAR.

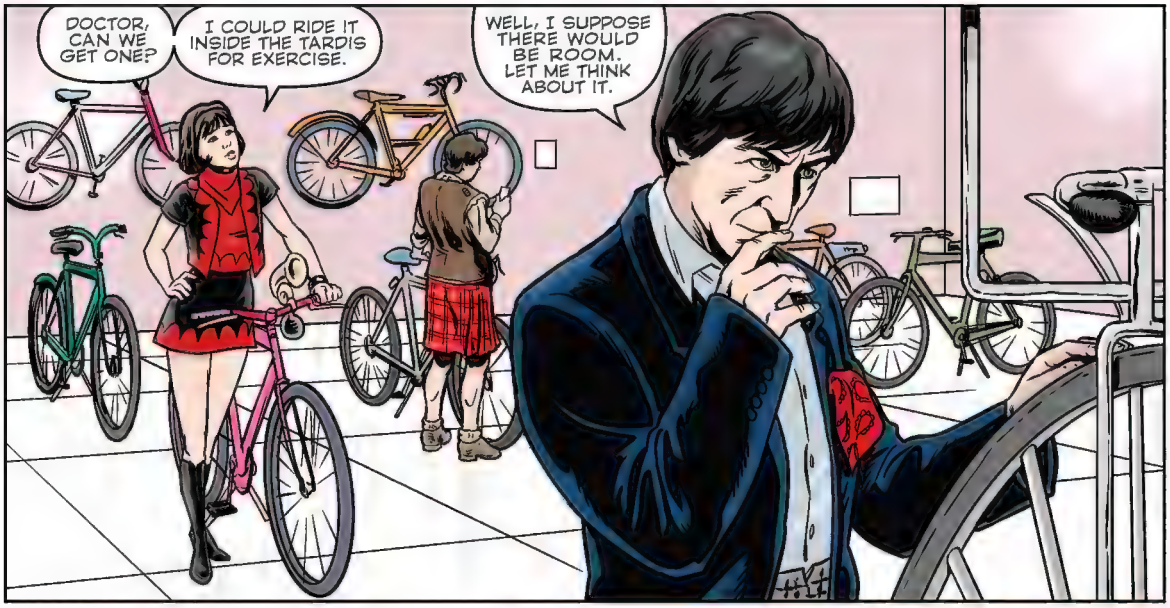
PSSST! HEY, THERE.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE A DEAL?
THAT YOUNG MALE IS WORTH A MINT, YOU KNOW.
HE'S FROM THE PAST.
HRM? WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?

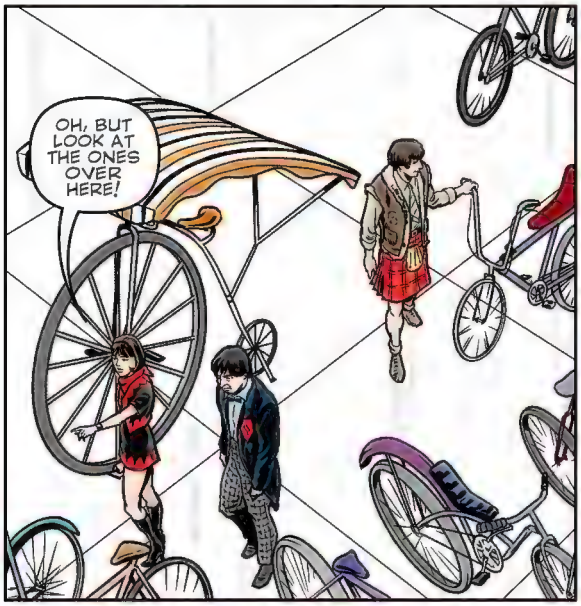
COME ON, LET US BUY HIM FROM YOU. THIS WILL BE A GOOD DEAL, JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME.
NO ONE WILL KNOW; A PERFECTLY DISCREET TRANSACTION WITH NO OFFICIAL RECORDS.
AND A TIDY SUM FOR YOU, MY FRIEND.
YOU MAKE A TEMPTING OFFER.

DOCTOR! YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS.
BUT I HAVE TO SAY NO, MY GOOD MAN.
HE IS NOT MINE TO SELL.

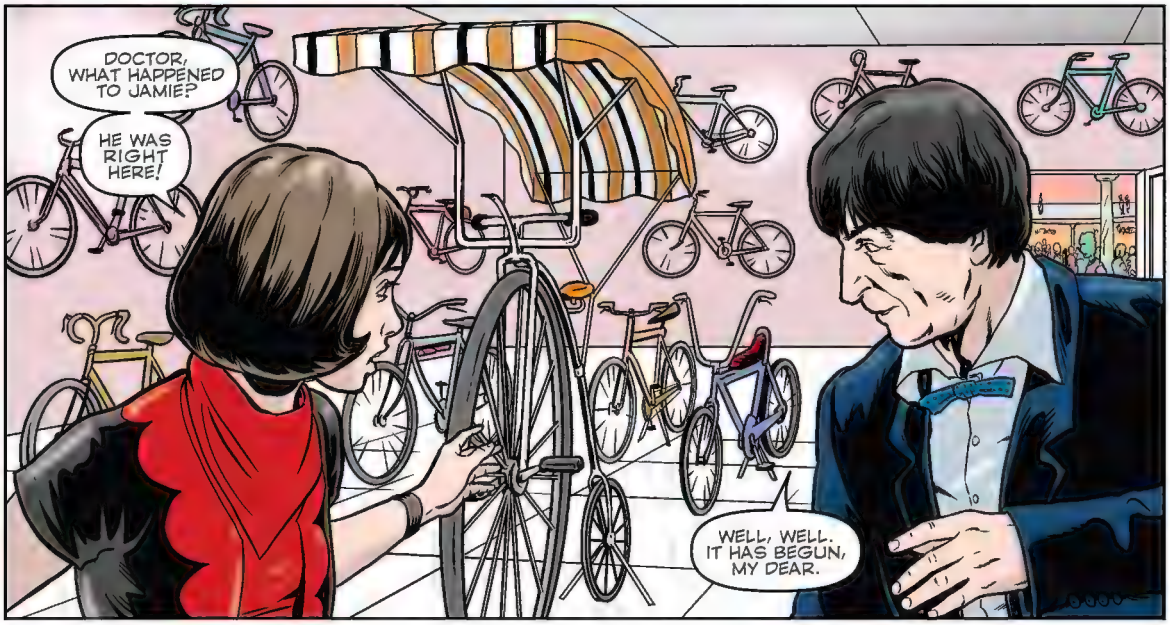
TOO BAD. I COULD HAVE MADE YOU VERY WEALTHY.
I UNDERSTAND. THANK YOU, BUT NO. AND WITH THAT, WE WILL BE OFF.

ZOE, JAMIE, COME ALONG— WE HAVE MORE SHOPPING TO DO!


DOCTOR, CAN WE GET ONE?
I COULD RIDE IT INSIDE THE TARDIS FOR EXERCISE.
WELL, I SUPPOSE THERE WOULD BE ROOM. LET ME THINK ABOUT IT.


OH, BUT LOOK AT THE ONES OVER HERE!

FLLLMMFPH


DOCTOR, WHAT HAPPENED TO JAMIE?
HE WAS RIGHT HERE!
WELL, WELL. IT HAS BEGUN, MY DEAR.

YOU DON'T SUPPOSE—WAS HE KIDNAPPED?
BY THOSE AWFUL SLAVE TRADERS?
INDEED, ALL AS I ANTICIPATED.

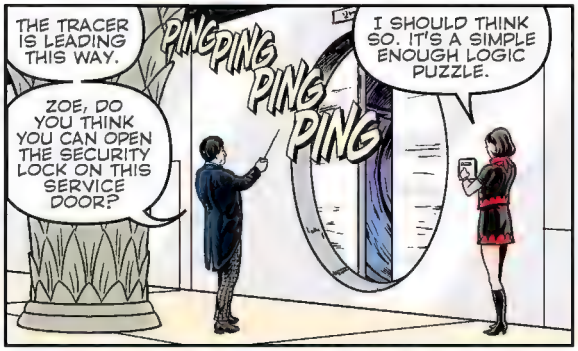
DON'T WORRY, ZOE.
I INTEND TO BREAK THIS SLAVE MARKET! IT'S IMMORAL, AND I AM GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.
BUT DOCTOR, HOW WILL WE GET HIM BACK?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT. I PLANTED A TRACKING DEVICE ON JAMIE. WE'LL BE ABLE TO FIND HIM. AND THEY WON'T HARM HIM—HE'S TOO VALUABLE ALIVE.
IN FACT, THEY'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM.
SPOKES

Horrids
LET'S PAY ANOTHER VISIT TO THE VORAXX STORE FIRST TO SEE IF THEY HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY FOR THEMSELVES.

YES. HMF. NO SURPRISES HERE.
STELLAR IMPORTS & EXPORTS
TO LET
HOW DID THEY DO THAT SO QUICKLY?

THE VORAXX ARE VERY RESOURCEFUL.
FORTUNATELY, WE'LL FIND JAMIE AND THE SLAVE MARKET THROUGH OUR OWN MEANS.

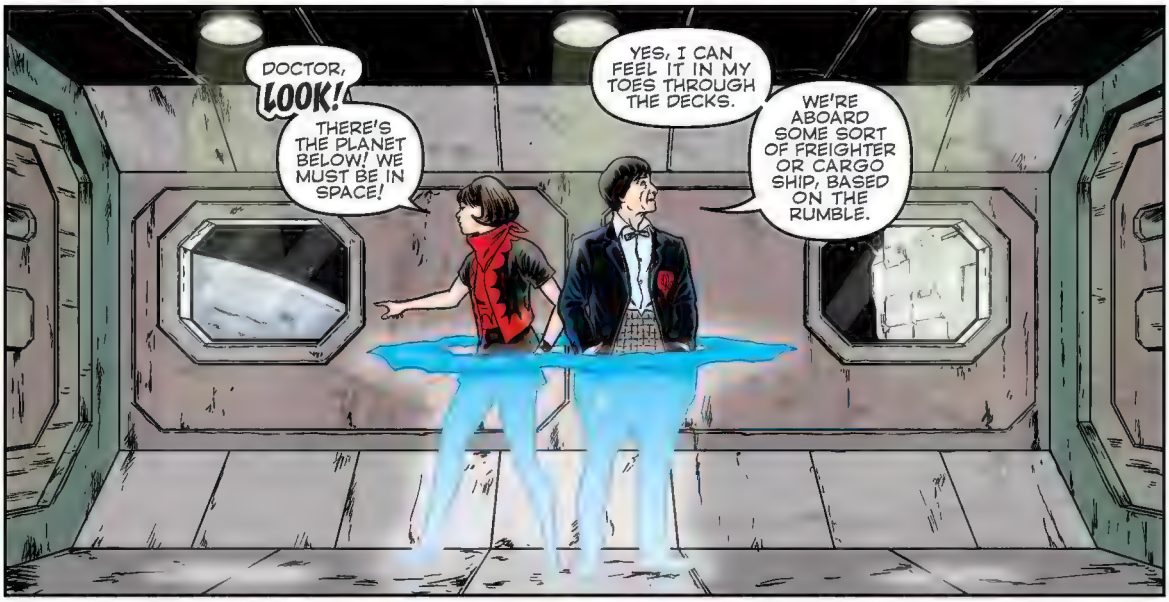

THE TRACER IS LEADING THIS WAY.
ZOE, DO YOU THINK YOU CAN OPEN THE SECURITY LOCK ON THIS SERVICE DOOR?
PING PING PING PING
I SHOULD THINK SO. IT'S A SIMPLE ENOUGH LOGIC PUZZLE.

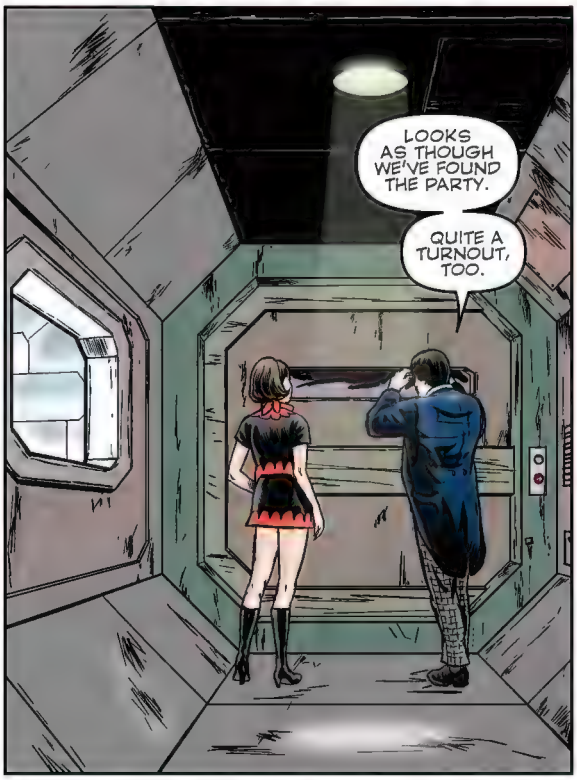
WE'RE GETTING CLOSER, MY DEAR! COME ALONG!
PING PING PING PING PING

AHA!
A TRANS-MAT DEVICE!
TRANS-MAT?

YOU REMEMBER, ZOE. MATTER TRANSFERENCE. A METHOD OF MOVING OBJECTS ACROSS GREAT DISTANCES INSTANTANEOUSLY.
OBJECTS, OR PEOPLE...
OH, YOU MEAN A T-MAT!

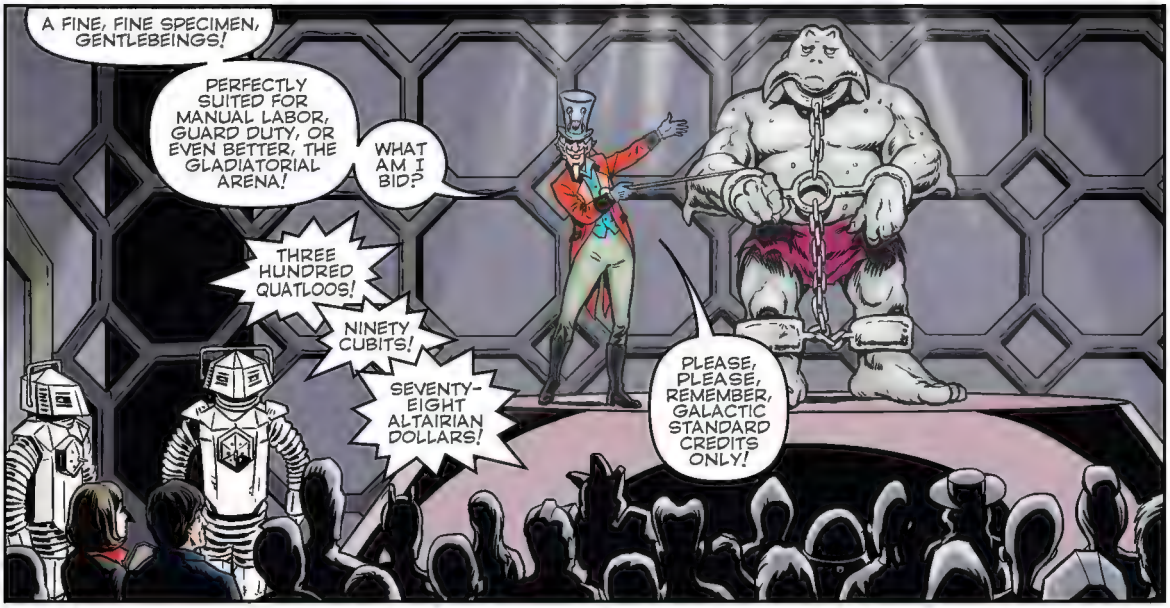
AND THE LAST COORDINATES ARE STILL IN PLACE. HOW CONVENIENT...
OH!
HMMMM


DOCTOR, LOOK!
THERE'S THE PLANET BELOW! WE MUST BE IN SPACE!
YES, I CAN FEEL IT IN MY TOES THROUTH THE DECKS.
WE'RE ABOARD SOME SORT OF FREIGHTER OR CARGO SHIP, BASED ON THE RUMBLE.


LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'VE FOUND THE PARTY.
QUITE A TURNOUT, TOO.

TRY AND LOOK LIKE YOU HAVE MONEY.
AND KEEP A CALM DEMEANOUR.
BUT—
NO GREAT SHOCKED EXPRESSIONS OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT.
BUT—

MAKE WAY, MAKE WAY.
COMING THROUGH!


A FINE, FINE SPECIMEN, GENTLEBEINGS!
PERFECTLY SUITED FOR MANUAL LABOR, GUARD DUTY, OR EVEN BETTER, THE GLADIATORIAL ARENA!
WHAT AM I BID?
THREE HUNDRED QUATLOOS!
NINETY CUBITS!
SEVENTY-EIGHT ALTAIRIAN DOLLARS!
PLEASE, PLEASE, REMEMBER, GALACTIC STANDARD CREDITS ONLY!

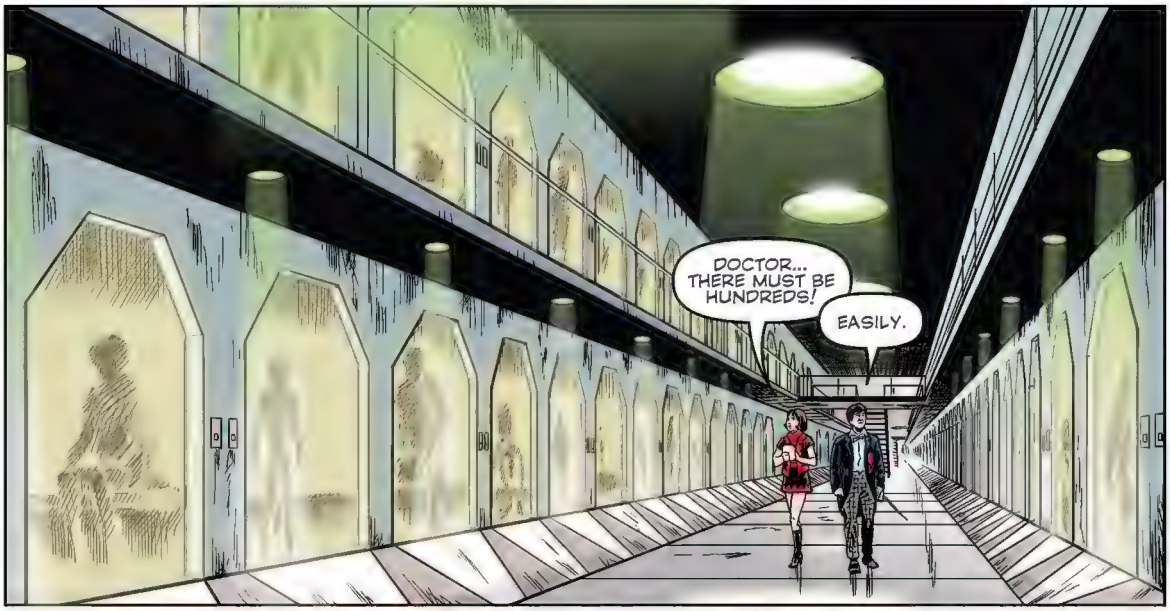
UTTERLY BARBARIC! THIS SIMPLY WON'T DO!

OH, WHY, THANK YOU!
DOCTOR, LOOK AT THIS.

THAT ROBOT HANDED ME THIS—IT'S AN AUCTION SCHEDULE AND MANIFEST.
IT SAYS HERE THAT JAMIE IS SCHEDULED FOR AUCTION IN THE SECOND SESSION, LATER TODAY!
SPLENDID! CAN YOU FIND A MAP ON THERE AS WELL?

FOUND IT! 'MERCHANDISE VIEWING'!
THEN LEAD THE WAY, ZOE!

IT SHOULD BE BEHIND THIS DOOR...


DOCTOR... THERE MUST BE HUNDREDS!
EASILY.

THEY MUST HAVE FAMILIES! SO MANY LIVES, STOLEN AWAY!
HOW CAN NO ONE HAVE NOTICED?
IT IS A LARGE UNIVERSE, ZOE.

AND THERE IS STILL MUCH IN IT...

...THAT MAKES ME DESPAIR.

HERE IT IS!
VERY GOOD, VERY GOOD.
NOW, LET'S SEE IF A FEW ADJUSTMENTS TO THIS DON'T PRODUCE THE REQUIRED RESULT...

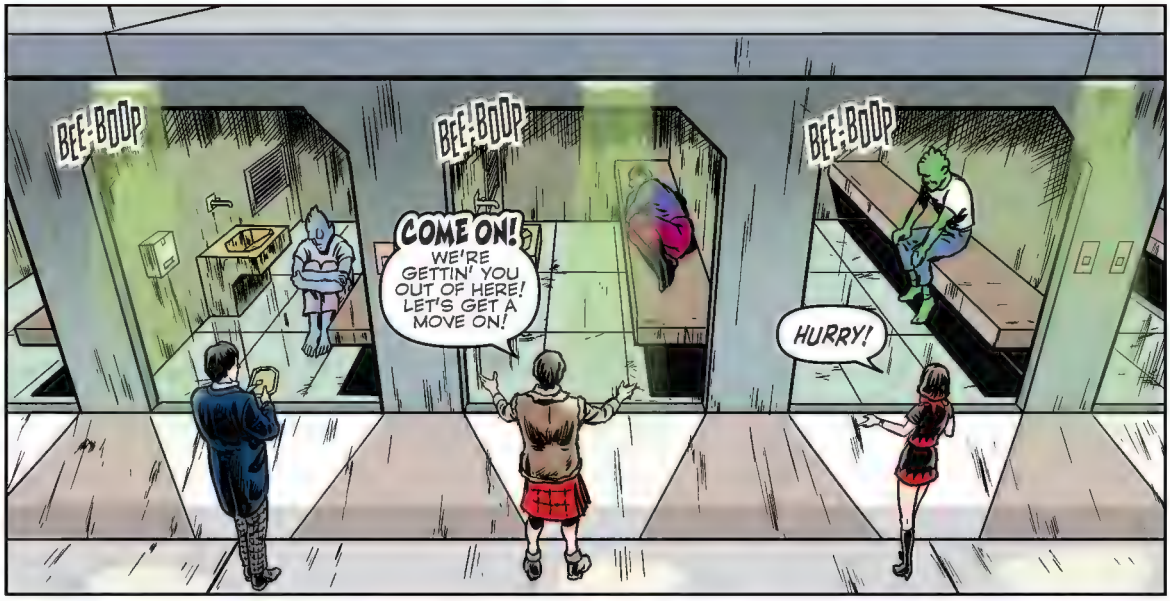
BEE-BOOP
IT'S ABOUT TIME!
HELLO, JAMIE.
YOU'RE LOOKING WELL.

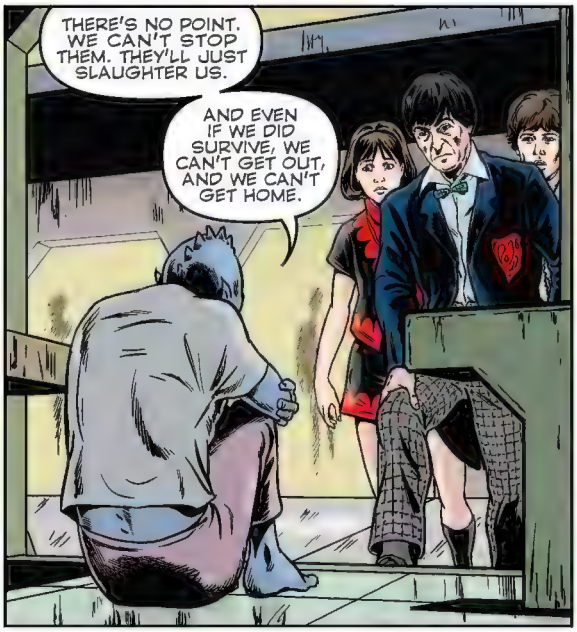
OH, I'M FINE! I'M A FINE PIECE OF BAIT, AREN'T I?
WHY, I DON'T HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT YOU MEAN, MY BOY.

OF COURSE YOU DON'T. NOW, WHAT'S THE PLAY, DOCTOR?
I'M ASSUMIN' WE'LL BE GETTIN' EVERYONE ELSE OUT O' HERE?

YOU ASSUME CORRECTLY!

LET'S SEE IF I CAN'T WIDEN THE RANGE ON THIS...


BEE-BOOP
BEE-BOOP
BEE-BOOP
COME ON!
WE'RE GETTIN' YOU OUT OF HERE! LET'S GET A MOVE ON!
HURRY!


THERE'S NO POINT. WE CAN'T STOP THEM. THEY'LL JUST SLAUGHTER US.
AND EVEN IF WE DID SURVIVE, WE CAN'T GET OUT, AND WE CAN'T GET HOME.

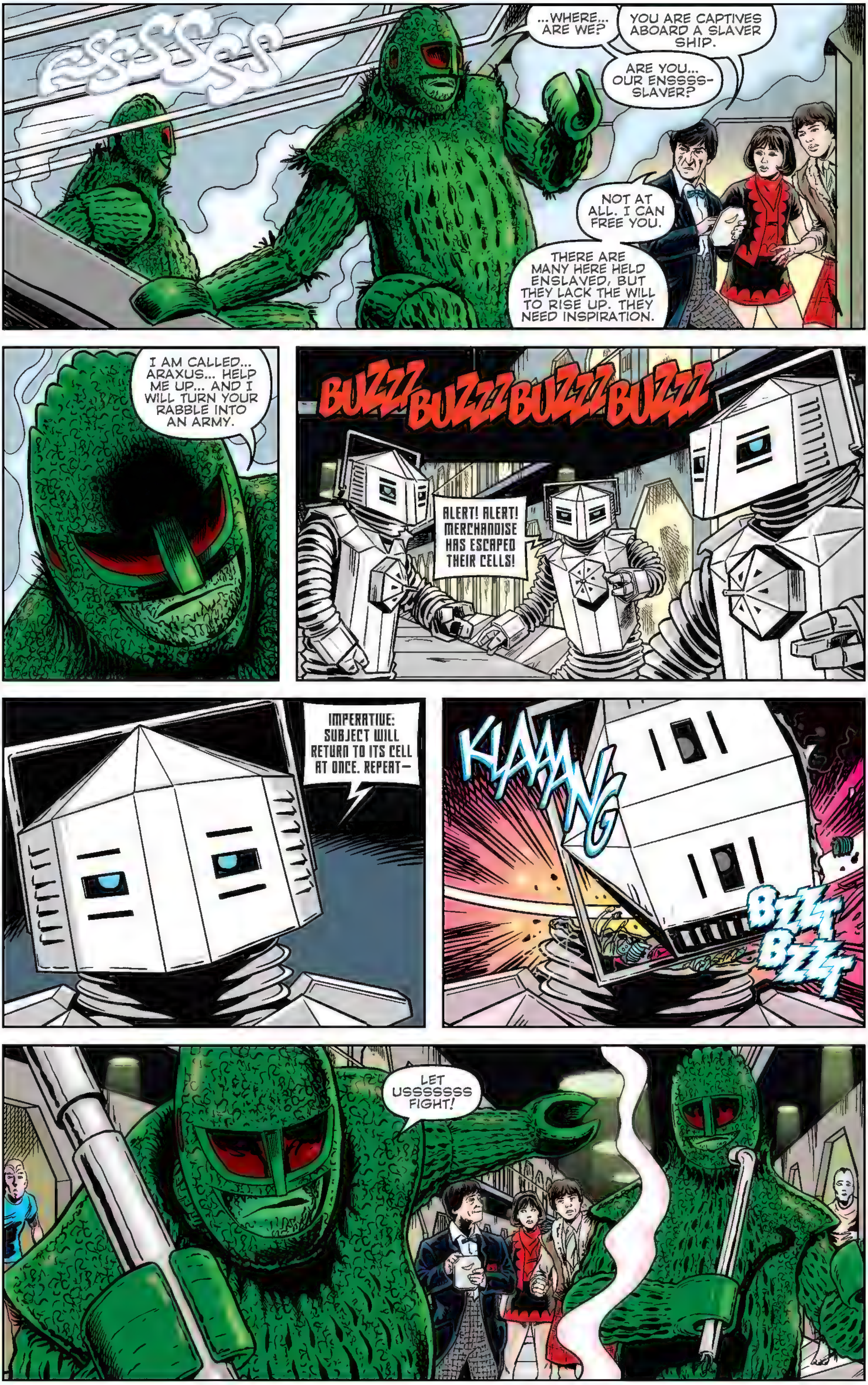
IT'S HOPELESS.
DEMORALIZED. COMPLETELY DEMORALIZED.

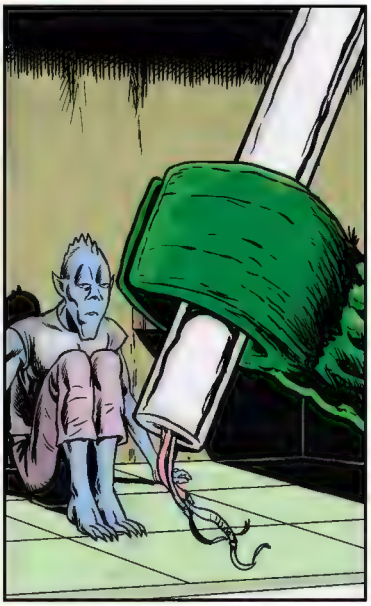
DOCTOR, ARE THOSE... ICE WARRIORS?

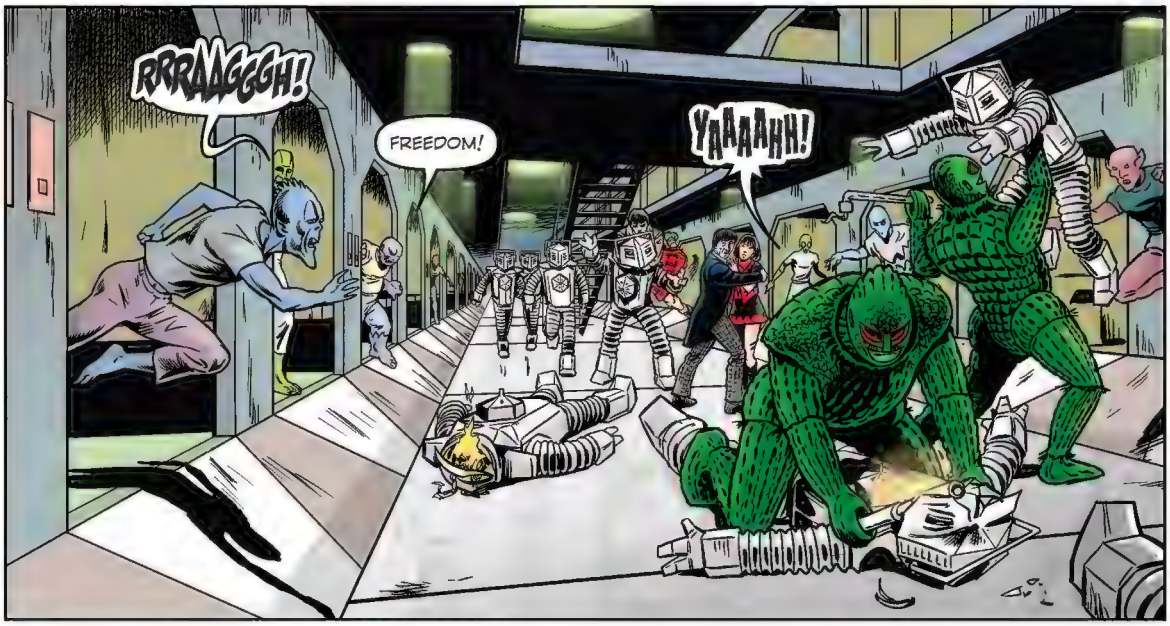
YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT, JAMIE.

THAT WAS JUST WHAT THE SCIENTISTS BACK ON EARTH CALLED THEM.

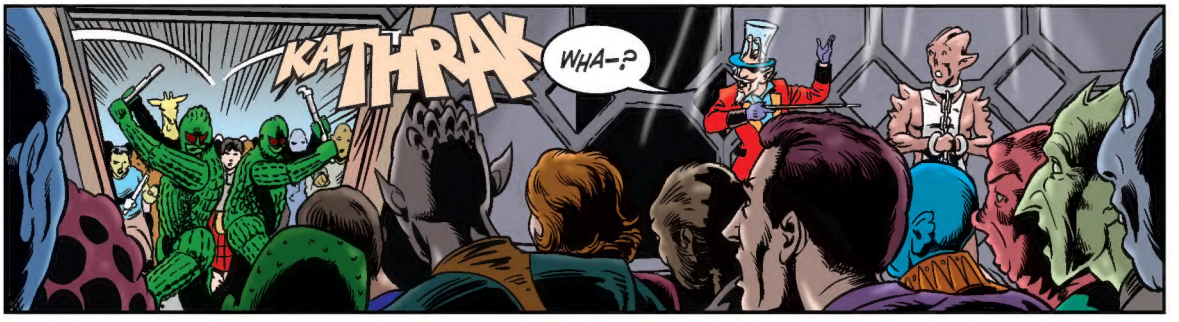
THEY'RE MARTIANS, TO BE PRECISE, YES. AND THEY MAY BE JUST WHAT WE NEED.

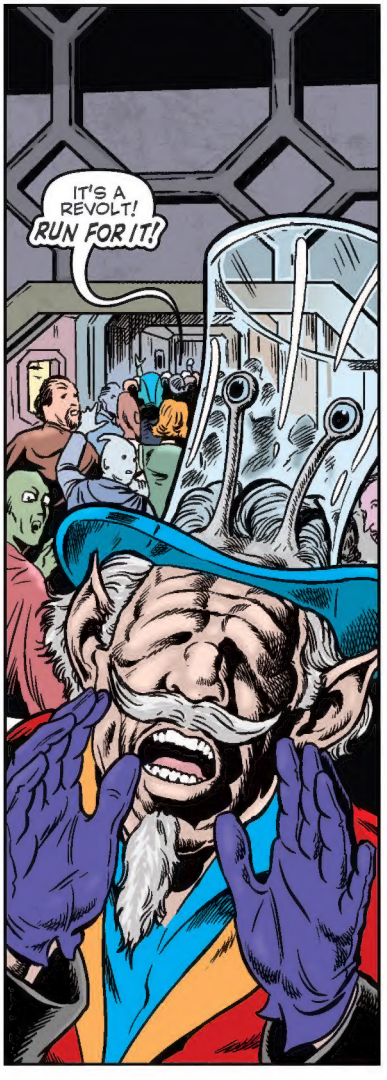

SSSSS
...WHERE... ARE WE?
YOU ARE CAPTIVES ABOARD A SLAVER SHIP.
ARE YOU... OUR ENSSSS-SLAVER?
NOT AT ALL. I CAN FREE YOU.
THERE ARE MANY HERE HELD ENSLAVED, BUT THEY LACK THE WILL TO RISE UP. THEY NEED INSPIRATION.
I AM CALLED... ARAXUS... HELP ME UP... AND I WILL TURN YOUR RABBLE INTO AN ARMY.
BUZZZ BUZZZ BUZZZ BUZZZ
ALERT! ALERT! MERCHANDISE HAS ESCAPED THEIR CELLS!
IMPERATIVE: SUBJECT WILL RETURN TO ITS CELL AT ONCE. REPEAT—
KLAAANG
BZZT BZZT
LET USSSSSSS FIGHT!



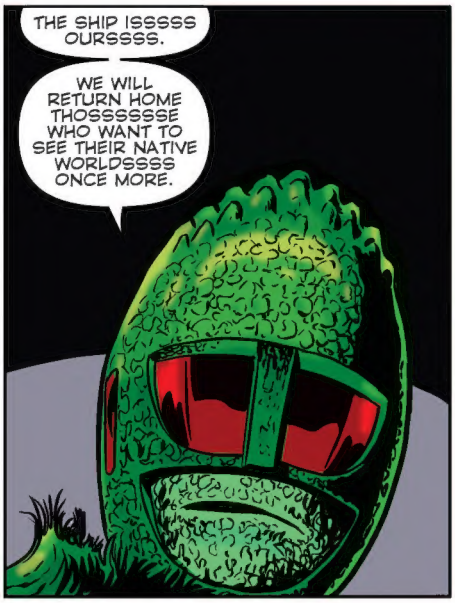

RRRAAGGH!
FREEDOM!
YAAAAHH!

TO THE BRIDGE!

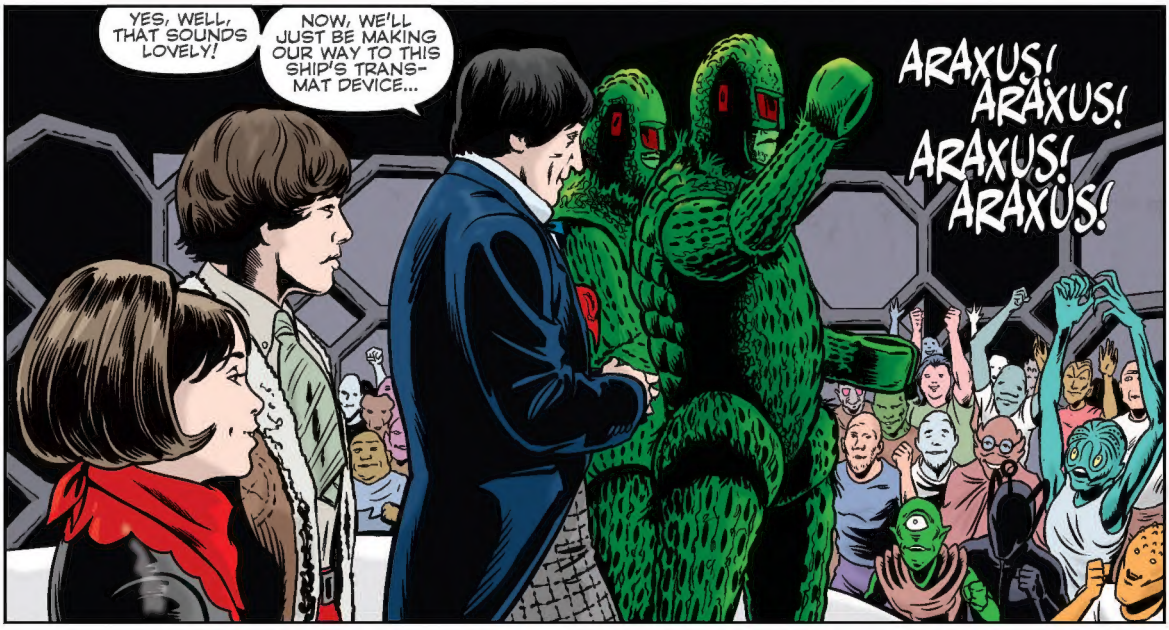

KATHRAK
WHA-?


IT'S A REVOLT! RUN FOR IT!

FREEDOM!
FREEDOM!
FREEDOM!
SO, MY FRIENDS, WHAT NOW?


THE SHIP ISSSSS OURSSSS.
WE WILL RETURN HOME THOSSSSSSE WHO WANT TO SEE THEIR NATIVE WORLDSSSS ONCE MORE.

THE RESSST CAN REMAIN AS MY CREW, AND TOGETHER WE WILL FIND OUR DESSSTINY AMONG THE SSSTARS!
SO SAYS ARAXUS!
ARAXUS! ARAXUS! ARAXUS! ARAXUS!


YES, WELL, THAT SOUNDS LOVELY!
NOW, WE'LL JUST BE MAKING OUR WAY TO THIS SHIP'S TRANS-MAT DEVICE...
ARAXUS! ARAXUS! ARAXUS! ARAXUS!

DOCTOR, DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT GREENIE TAKIN' OFF WITH SUCH A POWERFUL SHIP LIKE THAT?
WHO KNOWS WHAT HE MIGHT GET UP TO?
HAVE A LITTLE FAITH, JAMIE. SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO GIVE PEOPLE THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT!
HE WASN'T EXACTLY 'PEOPLE', DOCTOR...

OH, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!

JAMIE?!
ZOE?!
WHERE THE DEVIL HAVE YOU GONE?
END OF CHAPTER 2.

REFLECTIONS OF TIME

Wherein prominent Whovians past and present muse upon the Doctor's history in comic form.

With the arrival of the Second Doctor in *TV Comic's Doctor Who* strip—a transformation that was given no explanation—the tone of the series moved away from the fairy-tale whimsy of the First Doctor's stories, and began to adopt the action-adventure tropes common to 1960s TV shows such as *The Avengers* and *Danger Man*. With the addition of the Daleks, the Cybermen, the Quarks, and companion Jamie McCrimmon, the strip also had more in common with *Doctor Who* on television—superficially at least.

In truth, there was one significant difference that set the Doctor's strip exploits apart from his TV adventures. In their bid to appeal to a younger audience, the strip writers attempted to boil the ethos of *Doctor Who* down to a very black-and-white formula of good versus evil. In so doing, they unfortunately managed to almost completely miss the underlying message of the series and the nature of the Doctor's character. Of course, the Doctor was seen to oppose evil, in its many forms, on a weekly basis in the TV series. However, violence was the Doctor's last resort, always favoring a peaceful resolution to any conflict wherever possible. In the pages of *TV Comic*, though, the Doctor was rarely so coy and was regularly seen to dispense harsh justice to his opponents. Worse still, he seemed to relish it. This somewhat worrying attitude is concisely demonstrated by the now infamous "Die, hideous creature. Die!" sequence in the 1967 strip adventure *Master of Spiders*. The Doctor builds himself a ray gun—something that would be unconscionable in the TV series—and decides to test it out by obliterating a robotic spider and its human operator within whilst uttering the notorious line. Not only does this demonstrate the Doctor's cavalier disregard for the sanctity of life, but also implies 'ugly' equals 'evil'—a disturbing subliminal message prevalent in the *Doctor Who* strip adventures of the time.

As part of my research for Marvel's *Doctor Who: Classic Comics* in the early 1990s, I was allowed access to some of the original correspondence that had taken place between the publishers of *TV Comic* and the BBC. Then, as now, story outlines for the *Doctor Who* strips had to be submitted to the BBC for approval. It was interesting to note that the authors of the stories would often propose two alternative endings to an adventure. One would tend to lean towards a more reasonable conclusion with the Doctor making at least some attempt to negotiate a peaceful settlement between opposing factions, while the other, usually favored by the authors, would see the Doctor enthusiastically dispatching the enemy by bludgeoning them to death with hammers, or some such. The job of approving these storylines in the late 1960s fell to the then junior script editor, Terrance Dicks. Not surprisingly, in his replies to *TV Comic*, Dicks would always strongly recommend adopting the more conciliatory conclusion to the story, the tone of his letters, however, betraying his astonishment that the authors might even think it appropriate to portray the Doctor as some kind of vigilante. Thank goodness Terrance Dicks understood *Doctor Who* even if the strip writers didn't, otherwise we might be enjoying a very different kind of *Doctor Who* today.

—John Ainsworth
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